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SIXTEEN-NINETY

A SERIES OF HISTORICAL TABLEAUX

BY

FRANCIS W. GREY.

DEDICATED, BY KIND PERMISSION,

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

OTTAWA, CANADA :
THE MORTIMER COMPANY, LIMITED

1904.

SIXTEEN-NINETY.

A SERIES OF HISTORICAL TABLEAUX (IN DRAMATIC FORM)

BY

FRANCIS W. GREY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT FRONTENAC, Governor of Canada.

MGR. DE LAVAL, Bishop of Quebec.

THE CHEVALIER DE CHAMPIGNY, Intendant.

ST. LAURENT (RAOUL DE), his friend—a traitor.

| | |
|-----------------------|---|
| CHEVALIER DE VILLERAY | } Friends of Intendent and enemies of Frontenac. |
| " CALLIÈRES | |
| " AUTEUIL | |

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| D'AILLEBOUT DE MANTET | } Canadian Noblesse. |
| LE MOYNE D'IBERVILLE | |
| FRANÇOIS HERTEL | |
| LE BER DU CHESNE | |

| | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| PAUL GIGNIÈRES | } Coureurs de bois. |
| PIERRE LAROQUE | |

JACQUES DE SOREL, of the King's Body Guard.

SIR LUDOVIC LESLIE, his friend—of the British Army—Colonel
of 26th Rgt.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS, Governor of New England.

CAPTAIN SHORT, R.N.

JOHN WALLEY, of Barnstable.

CAPTAIN SYLVANUS DAVIS, of Schenectady.

LE GRAND AGNIÉ, a Christian Mohawk.

EAGLE HAWK, a Seneca Chief, friend of St. Laurent.

Various Coureurs de Bois, Sailors, Soldiers, Attendants,
Indians, &c.

SYNOPSIS OF PROLOGUE.

Sir Ludovic Leslie, banished from France at the instigation of the exiled King, James II, meets, in the Gardens of Versailles, his friend and crony, Jacques de Sorel, of the Royal Body Guard. Each tells the other of a journey he expects to take shortly; and each explains why the villain, Raoul de St. Laurent, hates him.

While they are talking they see approaching St. Laurent and De Callières, the messenger from the Marquis de Denonville, Governor of Canada, to Louis XIV. Hiding behind a tree they hear these two plot to make Frontenac's task, as successor to Denonville, as difficult as possible.

SYNOPSIS OF PLAY.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Frontenac's apartment at Quebec; argument between him and Mgr. de Laval, as to respective limits of Church and State.

SCENE 2.—D'Aillebout de Mantet, and his friends, submit to Frontenac their plans for a raid against the English Colonies. St. Laurent asks permission to go, but is refused; Frontenac orders him to remain within cannon-shot of the city, and to report once in every seven days.

SCENE 3.—March past of Coureurs de Bois, Indians, &c. Bishop blesses them: "Go forth against the enemies of France." Singing of "Benedictus," the "Pilgrim's travel song."

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Champigny and his friends plot to upset Frontenac's plans. St. Laurent and Eagle Hawk, a Seneca Chief, arrange to warn the English and the Iroquois of the proposed attack.

SCENE 2.—Council of De Mantet, Coureurs, Indians, &c., on march. Eagle Hawk appears, wounded, and says St. Laurent has been captured by Iroquois. Sorel doubts this. Attack on Schenectady decided on. Gignières and others sent to reconnoitre.

SCENE 3.—Before Schenectady. Meeting of St. Laurent and Eagle Hawk. Gignieres reconnoitres. Suddenly joined by De Mantet and the rest, with Sorel, a

prisoner, charged with treachery, because seen talking to Eagle Hawk. Fight; Captain Sylvanus Davis and others captured; village burned; bell on Hughnawaga Church recovered.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Sir William Phips' headquarters, Boston. Fight between Leslie and St. Laurent. Quarrel between Phips and Captain Short, R.N. Plans of invasion discussed.

SCENE 2.—Deck of Phips' ship in river, near Quebec. Leslie sent ashore to Frontenac with summons to surrender "within an hour of noon."

SCENE 2.—Frontenac's antechamber: Trial of De Sorel for treachery; Intendant and his friends support St. Laurent; Leslie, Davis and Eagle Hawk testify in favor of De Sorel. St. Laurent confesses; condemned to be shot at dawn. Leslie delivers message of Phips. Frontenac replies: "They that speak for me shall be . . . my cannon!"

PROLOGUE—IN FRANCE.

SCENE—THE GARDENS AT VERSAILLES.

SIR LUDOVIC LESLIE (in dress of gentleman of period—but rather sober looking) enters, singing:

"Then you'll tak the high road, &c."

Methinks we never shall, nor are not like,
Alack-a-day, to meet here, at Versailles,
Much less in bonny Scotland: men have died
As saith Will Shakespeare, somewhere;—fie for
shame!

That I should quote the like!—but not for love.

(*Goes to Sundial*)

Good Messire Jacques, 'tis past the hour of noon,
If I were late, I have excuse enough;
A lady's wish; a lover's fond farewell: (*sings*)

"And I could never thole the lass

"That ye lo'ed mair than me."

Truly, her eyes would slay—or else her tongue;
I am not blind, sweet lady, though I love you (*sings*)

"And I'll be in Scotland before ye."

'Tis like I shall—but here comes Measure Jacques;
 Why, how now, laggard, it hath stricken noon
 This hour at least—or else the dial lies.

SOREL As it may well do, seeing where it stands.
 But duty, friend, hath kept me, past the hour,
 Dost thou forgive?

LESLIE Aye, and much more, in sooth,
 Shouldst thou have need of pardon—for I love thee,
 Frenchman and Papist, more than I can say.

SOREL As I do thee, and yet thou quittest France
 Shortly I understand, or so thou saidst
 Last night, between the music.

LESLIE Even so;
 The exiled tyrant loves me not, and kings,
 Even in banishment, have power for mischief:
 He could not well dismiss the ambassador,
 But me he could.

SOREL And whither goest thou, then?

LESLIE To England, first; then, later, as the King
 Shall please to order; I have served him well
 In the late war in Ireland, and he trusts me,
 As he hath cause to do—if I should say it:
 After—well, there is talk of distant mission,
 Whither, I know not, nor, to tell the truth,
 Since thou art French, altho' mine ancient friend,
 Might I be free to tell thee, did I know.

SOREL Nor would I ask: but—we shall meet again!
 I do not like "farewell."

LESLIE Nor I, God wot;
 Yet, if thou stay in France, I know not when,
 Nor how, indeed, we two are like to meet.

SOREL But, if I journey far,—as I shall do
 Ere many days—it may be, we shall meet
 When least we look to do so.

LESLIE Truly, Jacques,
 I trust it may be so: 'tis many years,
 More than I like to count, since thou and I
 First met each other—I, the heretic,
 And thou the Papist: yet, methinks our love

Passes the bounds of creed, and meets in God:
I know, at least, that it might match itself
With that which David had for Jonathan
And he for David.

SOREL

There, Sir Heretic,
Thou hast the best of me; in Holy Writ
I am not skilled as thou—I would I were;
But still I love thee, heretic or no;
We think alike, yet unlike; or, perhaps,
The same in different ways.

LESLIE

And may I ask
Whither the journey takes thee? Or is that
A secret of the State, not thine to tell?

SOREL

'Tis quickly told, I go to Canada
By the King's special wish—for as thou knowest
I was with Frontenac, some years ago,
In his first term of office. Now the King
Mistrusts—in truth I hope I speak no treason—

LESLIE

If so, 'tis safe as were it but a thought
And all unspoken. So—thy King mistrusts
His Governors. Is that what thou wouldst say?
Whom should he trust? "Put not your trust in
Princes";
Methinks, the Prince hath greater cause to say it;
But, pray, proceed.

SOREL

Howe'er it be, he puts
Full confidence in none, however tried;
He gives the military rule to one, but sets
Another over civic matters—sets—
How dost thou say it?

LESLIE

A thief to catch a thief;
So runs our Scottish proverb.

SOREL

Not a thief;
But one distrusted man to spy and watch
A man less trusted.

LESLIE

'Tis the way of Kings;
But—to thy mission, Jacques.

SOREL

To-day, on guard,
In the King's antechamber, 'twas my duty

To give admittance to a messenger
But lately come from Canada: his name,
The Chevalier de Callières; he would see
The King at once.

LESLIE What tidings brought he, then?

SOREL Nay, those were secrets of State; nor know I,
To speak the simple truth, what Denonville
Desired the King to learn; but I was sent,
In haste, to summon Count de Frontenac.

LESLIE (*puts his hand on Sorel's arm and draws him to one side*)
But—softly! who comes here?

SOREL One whom I love not,
Raoul de St. Laurent.

LESLIE Who loves thee not,
Nor me, to speak the truth. The other, who?
Know'st thou his name?

SOREL The Chevalier de Callières.

LESLIE What does he in such company as that?
Methinks he knows not.

SOREL Nay, he knows full well,
He is another partner in the traffic
That St. Laurent is skilled in.

LESLIE What may that be?

SOREL A moment, and I tell thee. Tell me, first,
What cause he hath to hate thee.

LESLIE Why, the best
A man may have. A certain pair of eyes
That looked on me with favor—not on him;
A certain little hand I held in mine,
That would not rest in his: I say no more;
But thou canst guess what love he hath for me.
What is his grudge against thee? Tell me quickly.
For here they come, a worthy pair of friends!

SOREL Neither for lady's eyes, nor lady's hand,
Though those were cause enough, but that I spoiled
His devil's traffic in immortal souls.

LESLIE Traffic in souls! I understand thee not.
What may such commerce be?

SOREL

Why, briefly, this
—For, as thou sayst, they will be here anon—
The sale of brandy to the savages.

LESLIE

Aye, here they are : stand here, behind this tree
And let us listen ; honest men, methinks,
Or partly honest, by comparison,
May fight with rogues with any handy weapon.
Meantime explain this further.

(They withdraw behind tree).

Enter DE CALLIÈRES and ST. LAURENT *(talking)*

ST. LAUR. So Frontenac returns to Canada ?

CALL

The King will have no other Governor,
But his "much trusted servant," as he calls him ;
Whom he mistrusts and hates : today, at Court
I brought him word from gentle Denonville
An urgent plea for help. His Majesty
Sends instantly, in haste, for Frontenac.

ST. LAUR. Who came at once ?

CALL

Sooner, if possible,
As one might say : professed his loyalty,
His absolute devotion, and the rest
That courtiers use, as well as thou and I
Had we been in his place.

ST. LAUR.

Nay, he is honest,
Whatever else he be : I give him that much credit.
A weakness, say you ? May be, but he has it.
What said the King ?

CALL

He asked him, would he go
To Canada again ? The Count replied,
In soldier-courtier fashion : Go you, too ?

ST. LAUR.

Have never doubt of that ; our friend, the Count,
Loves not Monseigneur de Quebec too well ;
He is not one to wear the yoke of priests
Like saintly Denonville : and, Monseigneur,
Set on thereto by one who, not a priest,
Hath the true priestly spirit, rested not
Till he had seen me banished : Frontenac
Stayed not too long thereafter. Now, the King
Sends Frontenac in place of Denonville,

Who was the Bishop's most obedient servant ;
 Methinks his reverence shall be taught his sphere
 Is spiritual, not wordly : Frontenac
 Will take me back with him, if but for this,
 That Monseigneur loves neither him nor me.
 And this same priestly layman, who was he ?

CALL

ST. LAUR. Can you not guess ? 'Twas Messire de Sorel,
 "Abbé," I should have said.

CALL

But he goes, too,
 By the King's special wish.

ST. LAUR.

How know you that ?
 Or do you guess at it ?

CALL

I heard it said.
 "Monsieur le Comte," these were the King's own
 words,
 "I pray you, in your household find a place
 "For my good friend and trusty servant, here,"
 And pointed to Sorel.

ST. LAUR. And what said Frontenac ?

CALL

What could he say ? He answered, graciously—
 As graciously, that is, as might be looked for
 Seeing the pill was something more than bitter—
 That he was "honored by the King's request ;
 "And no less so, that Messire de Sorel
 "Should grace his humble household."

ST. LAUR.

That was one
 Against the Count, in favor of the Bishop.
 So, Messire Jacques, we shall be fellow-servants
 To His High Excellence, the Governor
 Of fair new France. I pray you, look to it ;
 The air of Canada might work you ill.
 It is a trying climate, very trying ;
 And there are savages, and bears, and serpents ;
 A thousand risks and more : I would not have
 Your saintly life cut short.

CALL

What means all this ?
 You would not, surely, kill him openly !

ST. LAUR.

Not openly ; but there are other ways :
 The climate, savages, and evil beasts,

LESLIE Art thou afraid of him? He threatened thee:
He hath the will to kill, perchance the power.

LESLIE Why, sayst thou so?
Then art thou safe indeed, from any foe.

ACT I.

BISHOP "Meddling in state affairs," I think you said,
Because I said that Messire St. Laurent
Should never have returned to Canada.

BISHOP And yet you bring him back ; methinks, my Lord,
It had become you more to leave him there,
The charge was true, as I am satisfied.

FRONT. Let that be as it may, it was not proved
By evidence to make *me* think it true.
In any case, take note of this, my Lord ;
I am no Denonville to suffer priests
Set foot upon my neck : I know my place :

BISHOP The King hath set me in the Council Chamber,
And God hath set me over all affairs
Which touch the weal of souls redeemed by Christ.
Then, if the State, of which you are the head,
Claim jurisdiction over souls of men ;
Invade the realm of God ; as God shall judge me,
I will withstand you to the uttermost.

FRONT. I have no wish to trespass on the field
Of Holy Church : I only set the limits
Of your domain and mine : I do but say
These are the State's affairs ; these others, yours,
Concern our Mother Church.

BISHOP Shall Caesar set
The limits of his jurisdiction, say
What their extent, and leave the rest to God ?
Such rest were scant, methinks. Not so, but God
Shall name His boundaries, and they are wide ;
How wide, He only knows ; and, so, my Lord,
Caesar shall be content . .

FRONT. With what, your Grace?

BISHOP With what God giveth him ; nor ask for more ;
Not raise his foot to mount the steps whereon
The Throne of God is set : nor stretch his hand
To grasp the sceptre of Omnipotence :
Nor trespass where High God sees fit to place
A barrier in his path.

FRONT. How shall I know it,
And so commit no trespass ?

BISHOP I will shew thee ;
For I am God's vicegerent in these matters,
Accountable to Him, and to His Vicar,
But not to any other man on earth ;
King, Prince, or Governor.

FRONT. Your Reverend Grace
Claims a wide scope of rule, and leaves the State
A narrow one, at best.

BISHOP I leave it all
That God hath given it.

FRONT. Yet, in this matter
Of selling brandy to the savages,
What hath our Holy Mother Church to say?
Methinks it is the State's affair, not hers.

BISHOP Not hers? She is the Mother of them all;
And cares no less for them than for the rest:
Not hers? What saith she? Ask you that of her?
This is her answer: All the fiends of hell
Could find no toil more devilish than this,
Of selling brandy to the savages.
The state's affair, not hers! My Lord, beware!
Lest that you meddle in the affairs of God,
And answer to Him for it, heavily.
I would not fail in reverence to you;
But men speak burning words from hearts on fire;
Forgive me that I speak so; I am moved.
More than I well can say.

FRONT. I know your Grace
Speaks as he feels, as I am apt to do.
This much, at least, I promise, I will charge
Raoul de St. Laurent, as he shall answer
To me and to the King, to heed his steps,
And not to give you cause to make complaint.

BISHOP 'Twere better did you tell him he shall answer
To One yet higher than the King or you.
In any case, of this I am convinced,
Your Excellence, at least, will do your best
To stay this devil's traffic.

FRONT. That will I;
Therein, your Grace may surely count on me.

Enter ATTENDANT:

There are some gentlemen who wait without
Who crave an audience of your Excellence.

FRONT. Admit them instantly. Your Grace will stay
And hear this matter out? They come to tell me
Of certain plans against our English neighbors.

BISHOP Who are the enemies of God, and France.
I thank you: I will gladly stay and hear them,

Give them my benediction, ere they go
To fight for France and Holy Mother Church.

SCENE 2.—The same. Enter d'Aillebout de Mantet, Le Moyne
d'Iberville, Le Ber du Chesne, François Hertel.
(Note.—Bishop leans back in his chair as if tired;
but listens, with much interest.)

FRONT. As to those plans we lately spoke about,
Have you all weighed them well?

DE MANT. We have, my Lord,
And come to give our answer.

FRONT. Yes? or No?

LE MOYNE Yes, twenty times, my Lord, if there be need
Of more than simply yea.

FRONT. (*spreads maps on table: they all gather round.*)
Here, then, are maps;
Shew me the route that each of you will take.
You, Sieur de Mantet, whither go you first?

DE MANT. To Albany, my Lord, with d'Iberville,
Le Ber du Chesne, and others, my good friends,
And certain Christian savages, whose zeal
For Holy Church and France we well may count on.

BISHOP (*sitting up*) See you restrain them from all cruelty,
Christian they may be, savages no less,
In heat of battle, flushed with victory:
I doubt me much, if it be wise to trust them,
Or lawful to employ their services
Even against the enemies of God,
As are these heretics.

FRONT. What would you have?
War is but war, at best, and horrible
To any Christian man; your Grace is right
To doubt the lawfulness of such employ
Of savage allies.

LE BER. Please your Excellence,
We do but fight as others fight with us.

FRONT. Sound policy, Le Ber, but hardly Christian.
I pray you, bear in mind his Grace's warning,

And check these savages as best ye may
From any act of wanton cruelty.

LE MOYNE Your Excellence may count on us in this;
I speak for one and all.

FRONT. 'Tis well, I trust you.
You, Messire Hertel, which way lies your road?

HERTEL (*points to map*)
Here to the south and east are villages
All undefended; the Abenakis
Will gladly join with us.

FRONT. Enough; the King
Bade me destroy his ancient enemies—
I bid you do the same. I understand
Sufficient of your plans, no need to know
Their every part and point. When set you out?

DE MANT. To-morrow noon at latest. Shall we need
To see your Excellence again?

FRONT. Why, no;
But I shall see you start.

BISHOP And I will give you
My blessing, ere you go.

LE BEE We thank your Grace,
Most heartily: we thank your Excellence,
And herewith take our leave.

(*Kneel to Bishop; bow to Governor.*)

BISHOP And I am stayed for,
So must be gone: God keep your Excellence
Until we meet again.

FRONT. I thank your Grace.
And trust to meet you, then, at noon, to-morrow,
Upon the Champ de Mars. (*Bows Bishop out.*)

Enter ST. LAURENT Your Excellence
Was pleased to send for me?

FRONT. Yes, St. Laurent,
I sent to bid you walk a wary path,
Nor give occasion to His Grace the Bishop
To make complaint of you as he did once,

Not without cause, perhaps. I say no more;
This much is plain enough.

ST. LAUR. I understand,
And shall obey you straitly. There is word
Of some who go to visit our good neighbors
Across the southern border. Doth it please you
That I should go with them?

FRONT. It doth not please me;
Remain here in Quebec, and I shall know
Where I may find you, should the need arise.

ST. LAUR. I crave this much at least, to go and come
Within the limits of this settlement
As I shall have occasion.

FRONT. To what end?

ST. LAUR. Not to sell brandy to the savages;
Of that, your Excellency may rest assured,

FRONT. On what assurance? On your word or oath?
Either were scanty pledge.

ST. LAUR. Your Excellence
Is pleased to have his gibe. Yet, I have served you
As well as I was able.

FRONT. And yourself,
Not less, if truth were told.

ST. LAUR. That, as it may be;
Yet if I served myself, 'twas but as duty,
The first and chiefest—duty to myself.

FRONT. Aye, thou wert ever ready with thy tongue.

ST. LAUR. (puts hand on sword hilt)
And with my sword, if you have enemies.

FRONT. Should they be thine, as well. Well, come and go
Within the limits of a cannon-shot
On every side the city; but report
Once every seven days, or answer it
To my severe displeasure.

ST. LAUR. I am grateful
Your Excellence should shew me this much favor;
And crave to take my leave.

FRONT. Well, get thee gone;
But heed my warning: I have work enough
To please the Bishop and the Jesuits;
See thou give no fair cause for their complaint.

ST. LAUR. Your Excellence shall hold me for a Saint
Ere you have done with me.

FRONT. I doubt it much;
Nor am I fain to put thee to the touch.

SCENE 3.—The Champ de Mars. De Mantet, Le Moyne, Le Ber,
de Sorel, Gignières, Pierre Laroque, Le Grand
Agné, Coureurs, Indians, &c., in marching costume,
standing about in groups.

DE MANT. Come, give it voice, that good old travel song.
(*They all sing a Voyageur song.*)

Another—but here comes His Excellence
The Governor, and Monseigneur, the Bishop.

(Enter FRONTENAC, with Bishop leaning on his arm: Orderly,
Jesuits, &c.)

(*They all cheer them.*)

FRONT. Messires, we thank you for your hearty welcome;
You go to fight the enemies of France;
God save our good King Louis!

All. Vive le Roi!

Again I thank you. Monseigneur, the Bishop,
Hath, as I know, a word to say to you
Before you do set out.

All. Vive Monseigneur!

Et vive son Excellence, Le Gouverneur!

FRONT. (*aside to Bishop*) The Church comes first, you see,
Even at such a moment.

BISHOP (*aside*) Nay, not so;
It was first vive le Roi, as meet and fitting.

To Voyageurs—

Ye go to fight the enemies of God,
Of Holy Church and France, but bear in mind,
They whom ye fight, are still your fellow men!
Protect the weak, the women, and the children;
Pity the wounded—and respect the dead.

Go, and High God go with you—but remember
It is to Him that you shall give account
For what ye do.

All. We will remember it.

BISHOP Then shall ye surely prosper. Go, God bless you!
(They all kneel and he blesses them.)

Now, ere ye go, sing all of you, together
As Christians should, the pilgrim's travel song.

(They sing the Benedictus—singing past as they sing.)

(Curtain.)

ACT II.

SCENE I—The Intendant's Library in Chateau Bigot. Champigny, Callières, Villeray, Auteuil, St. Laurent, Eagle Hawk, seated round the fire.

CHAMP *(to St. Laurent)*

How fared you with His Excellence to-day?

ST. LAUR. To my heart's liking, he hath given me leave
To go and come within a cannon-shot
On ev'ry side the city—but report
Once in each sennight.

VILL.

Cannon carry far;
'Tis a wide limit, not too well defined,
Like those between the Count and Monseigneur,
The Bishop of Quebec.

AUTEUIL

If he make haste,
A man may journey long,—by land or sea—
Within that space of time;

(To Intendant)

How think you, Messire?

CHAMP.

That may he truly,

(To St. Laurent)

So, His Excellence
Did not see fit to send you with the rest
Against our English neighbors?

ST. LAUR.

He did not,
As I have told you Messire; yet, methinks,
Much might be done—had you a mind to it—
Within a single week: command me, Messire,
I will not say you nay.

CALL

This much, at least,
We might accomplish, Messire Champigny,
Did you consent to it.

CHAMP.

Speak out, then, what ?

CALL

That this new Governor should find his path
Not quite so smooth and plain as he would have it :
We sent to France for aid against the British,
But scarcely for the Comte de Frontenac ;
Yet it hath pleased His Majesty to send him,
Whether we would or no ; and to recall
Our most obliging, kind, De Denonville.
Well, let us see what Frontenac can do
Without us, since he hath not asked our aid ;
How say you, gentlemen ? Is this in reason ?

VILL

In reason and in season : here are maps (*spreads
them on table*).
Le Moyne shall journey this way ; Hertel this.

AUTEUIL

How know you this ?

VILL

Perchance I guess at it ;
But I will wager anything you choose
I have guessed rightly ; pray you, let me finish :
One meets the Iroquois and Senecas,
With whom we have, at best, a doubtful truce,
Thanks to our friend, the gentle Denonville ;
One the Abenakis ; with these, at least,
We can do nothing, for they hate the English.
And will not be withheld from their revenge
If the occasion offers, as it will.
When Hertel comes among them, presently.

CALL

What of the Iroquois, and Senecas ?

VILL

Ask that of Eagle Hawk.
(*To Eagle Hawk*) What says my brother ?

EA. HAWK

My brother knows that there is enmity,
These many moons, between the Iroquois
And all my brother's people.

VILL

They have cause,
Thanks, once again, to gentle Denonville.
But there are Iroquois and Senecas
From Montreal, who go with D'Iberville—

So it is rumored—will thy people fight
Against their brethren ?

EA. HAWK

Will the eagle fight
Against the carrion crow ? These renegades
Will never stand against my people. Wah !
They are not braves, but squaws, and feeble boys,
Yet shall their scalps hang in our wigwam's smoke
Before another moon. Wah ! Eagle Hawk hath
spoken.

CALL

And spoken to the point.

(To Intendant)

Messire, I crave your license,
To speak a word or two to St. Laurent ;
'Tis well you take not too much part in this ;
Have I your leave to speak to him in private ?

CHAMP.

You have ; (*they withdraw to front of stage ; Eagle
Hawk joins them*)
But though you two be drawn apart,
Methinks the fiend, himself, will make a third.

AUTEUIL (*pointing to Eagle Hawk*)

Or one that bears his semblance, at the least,
If not his very self.

CHAMP (*crosses himself*)

The Saints confound thee
For that ill-omened jest—if jest it be !

AUTEUIL

No jest, in truth, but sober verity ;
If there be fiends incarnate, he is one,
And St. Laurent another.
Why, they say (*whispers ; Champigny shows signs
of horror, crosses himself again. They then
turn to table and play cards*).

CALL

Now, listen, St. Laurent, and give good heed :
When do you next report to Frontenac ?

ST. LAUR.

To-morrow sennight.

CALL

It may so fall out
You shall not need to. Now, Schenectady,
So Villeray contends, is where they go to ;
Or else to Albany : if you should chance
To meet the Iroquois or Senecas,
Warn them, at once, of Frontenac's designs ;
But, chiefly, warn them at Schenectady,
Make thence to Boston, to Sir William Phips.

ST. LAUR. How shall I get there ?

CALL.

Eagle Hawk will guide you,
Trust him, besides, to plan the matter out ;
Between the two of you, it shall go ill
If you succeed not. What says Eagle Hawk ?

EA. HAWK This, that my brother is a great white chief
And fit to sit in council ; Eagle Hawk will go
With this, his brother, as the white chief bids ;
First to Schenectady, and then to Boston.
When doth my brother start ?

ST. LAUR.

At sunset, chief ;
Wherefore, good friend, have all in readiness,
And let us lose no time. (*Exit Eagle Hawk.*)

CALL.

Then fare you well.
But when you take your leave of Champigny,
See that you tell him nothing : should it chance
That this shall come to light, then Frontenac
Will doubly be our lord, and Champigny
Sent home to France, to prison, or to death.
We have lost much in losing Denonville ;
This Frontenac is of another sort,
And must be handled in another fashion.

(*They return to the others.*)

CHAMP.

Messire, you quit us, shortly, I believe ;
I ask no questions, but, before you go,
What say you to a toast, and to a song
To call to mind our sunny native land,
Or, maybe, some one dearer still than France ?
There are dark eyes, I doubt not, that would fain
Look in the eyes of some of us again.

ST. LAUR.

Perchance they look in others—'tis a way
That dark eyes have, or else I do them wrong ;
Yet do I thank you kindly, and will drink
To France and ladies fair ; but, as to singing,
I pray you pardon me ; 'tis not an art
Wherein I do excel : in sober truth,
Methinks that I am saddest when I sing,
And so are those who hear me. (*All laugh.*)

AUTEUIL

Villeray
Singeth not over vilely.

CHAMP.

We will hear him ;

But, first the wine, to make his piping mellow.

(*Rings, enter Servant*)

Bring wine and glasses ; draw the curtains close ;
Kindle the lamps, and pile the fire with logs.

(*Exit Servant : re-enters and does as bidden.*)

Messire, (*to St. Laurent*) I envy not your frosty
journey ;

But this good wine, I trust, will give you courage.

(*They all drink.*)

Now, Villeray, a song

VILL.

Since you will have it, then,

Fill up my glass, and see you join the chorus.

Sings "A la claire fontaine."

(*Curtain falls on Chorus.*)

SCENE 2.—Forest near Lake Champlain. Winter—2 camp fires.
Le Moyne, De Mantet, Le Ber, De Sorel, Gignières,
and other Coureurs, in blanket coats, snowshoes,
packs, guns, &c. Le Grand Agnié and other
Christian Indians.

DE MANT. Draw nearer to the fire ; it grows cold.

(*To the Indians*)

What was it that my brothers wished to know ?

1ST IND.

We have marched many days and many nights,
Nor met with foes ; will not the great white chiefs
Tell their red brothers where this war-path ends ?

DE MANT.

At Albany—or at Schenectady.

2ND IND.

Since when, then, have my brothers grown so bold ?
There was a time, not many moons ago,
They were afraid to meet the English warriors ;
And now they lift the hatchet, and set out
Against their villages : how comes the change ?

LE BER

The great Onontio, the King of France,
Hath given commandment that it shall be thus :
Let me but make it plain. The King of England,
Not quite two winters since, was driven forth,
And a strange chief owns all his villages.
He was a friend to our Onontio,

And would not let his warriors fight against us ;
 But this new chief, our bitter enemy,
 Hath dug the hatchet from its burial place,
 And sent his warriors forth upon the war path ;
 We go to punish these rebellious childrer
 To slay them first, ere they have time to slay us.

1ST IND. My brother speaketh wisely, we will follow
 This path a little longer.

LE MOYNE To its end,
 I trust, my brother.

2ND IND. Let my brother wait,
 And he shall see.

(Indians withdraw to their own fire, squat and smoke.)

LE BER Where are the rest of us ?
 Gignières is slow.

DE MANT. They will be here anon ;
 They are not far behind. Saints ! it is cold !
 Sing thou, but not too loud—and stir the fire—
 We know not who may hear.

*(Le Ber sings softly : " Par derriere, chez ma tante,"
 or Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre.)*

DE MANT. Hist ! cease thy singing,
 I heard a dry twig cracking. Who is this ?
 Not one of ours, I think.

DE SOREL 'Tis Eagle Hawk,
 A Christian Seneca ; I know him well,
 But trust him less.

Enter EAGLE HAWK I greet my brothers,
 And ask to join their council.

DE MANT. Sit thee down,
 Good brother ; eat, and smoke of what we have.

(Eagle Hawk takes out pipe, Le Ber gives him tobacco.)

LE BER *(aside to Sorel)* Why, think you, comes he here ?

DE SOREL On no good errand ;
 I pray you watch him well.

LE BER *(aside to De Munt. and Le Moyne)* Aye, and you, too ;
 You know too much, methinks, of this same savage.

EA. HAWK (*looks up*) Is't true my brothers go to Albany,
Or to Schenectady?

LE MOYNE My brother asks
More than we know ourselves. Is he alone?

EA. HAWK Alone, but wounded. (*Shows bandaged hand*).

DE MANT. Ha! how came you so?

EA. HAWK Not two days' march beyor the white men's vil-
lage,—

DE MANT. (*quickly*) Quebec? Chambly? Which, means, my brother? Speak!

EA. HAWK Quebec, my brother ; I, and one white man,
Journeyed in peace, on business of our own,
But were beset by twenty Iroquois,
Who took the white man prisoner ; I escaped,
And followed in your footprints.

DE SOREL Which way went, they ?

EA. HAWK Towards the south and east.

DE SOREL To Boston, doubtless ;
My brother told us not the white man's name,
But I can guess it. Messire St. Laurent.

EA. HAWK How doth my brother know?

LE BER (*aside to Le Moyne*) Aye, how, indeed?
Saints! I will watch *you*, Messire de Sorel,
Methinks you know too much of this affair,
To be entirely honest. What thinkst thou, Le
Moyne?

LE MOYNE (*aside*) Why, much as thou; but let us hear them further.

DE SOREL 'Twas but a guess ; yet, as it proves, a true one :
So he is captive to the Iroquois,
And taken off towards the south and east ?

EA. HAWK (*sulkily*) Even as my brother says; (*to De Mant.*)
I pray your leave
To join my brethren round the other fire.

DE MANT. My brother hath my leave, but we shall miss him.
(*Eagle Hawk crosses stage.*)

DE SOREL The treacherous devil! Heard you ever so?

LE BER What mean you, then? We understand you not.

DE SOREL 'Tis plain enough, I fancy;—Eagle Hawk,
And St. Laurent were cronies, years ago;
Partners in that vile trade of brandy selling,
For which the greater fiend was sent to France,
Thanks to our saintly Bishop. Frontenac
Hath brought him back, and this hath come of it.

LE MOYNE What, then, hath come of it? Speak plainer yet.

DE SOREL Saints, it is plain enough; this St. Laurent
Is nowise prisoner to the Iroquois,
But gone to Boston—or Schenectady.
To warn the English of our speedy coming
And what we plan against them. Eagle Hawk
Comes here to spy on us—or to betray,
Should the occasion offer.

DE MANT. Say you so?
Then must we strike at once. Schenectady
Lies here (*points*); there Albany, much farther off;
Therefore, our aim must be Schenectady,
Which, warned or not, we must assault to-night,
Or at the dawn at latest.

LE BER That same Mohawk,
Le Grand Agnié, may he be trusted, think you?

DE MANT. Even as one of us. (*Whistles softly.*)
Hist! Gignières,
Thou com'st when most I want thee.

GIGNIÈRES (*comes from back of stage*) Called you, Messire?
What would you have?

DE MANT. Take some half score of men,
Coueurs des bois, whom thou canst safely trust
To hold their peace, and do as they are bid:
Set out, at once, towards Schenectady;
Find out its weakest spots, and where 'twere best
To make a sudden onslaught—bring me word
Before the dawn, at latest. Get thee gone,
And hasten thy return: let no man see you
Start or come back.

GIGNIÈRES

Messire, you know me well ;
We shall be back two hours before the dawn.

SCENE 3.—The forest near Schenectady. Village roofs seen in
moonlight, palisade, stumps, &c.

Enter EAGLE HAWK, from behind tree; imitates cry of white owl.

ST. LAURENT (comes from shadow of palisades)

What news, good brother ?

EA. HAWK

Frenchmen come this way ;
They will be here before night turns to day.

ST. LAUR. Many, or few ?

EA. HAWK

A little band of braves,
So many and two more (*holds up ten fingers*).

ST. LAUR.

They will be here
Soon, does my friend think ?

EA. HAWK

That shadow, yonder (*points*),
Shall not have grown by so much as my hand,
Before they come.

ST. LAUR.

Thy hand ? An hour at most,
Is it not so ? (*Eagle Hawk nods assent*).

Good, then rejoin their camp,
As soon as may be ; if thou find occasion
Speak words apart to Messire de Sorel,
As were he one with us, if they should see thee,
Make thine escape in haste : I go to tell
Captain Sylvanus Davis of their coming.

(*Exit Eagle Hawk*)

If but these pious Puritans act promptly,
Methinks surprise awaits—the other party.

(*Goes to palisade*).

Enter GIGNIÈRES and several *coureurs de bois*.

All silent, and no guard. I like it not,
That trail we followed—led this way.

(*examines snow*)

And, here,
Is yet another trail that comes and goes,
Comes from that palisade, and goes again
Back where it came from.

Pierre, mon ami,
Is that a stump, or not ?

PIERRE A stump, mon ami.

GIGN. I am not sure ; I pray thee, go and see.

(Pierre goes ; Schenectady man starts up from behind stump, brains Pierre with tomahawk, then runs towards palisade. Gigniere shoots, man falls.)

GIGN. Just as I thought ; it was a red man's trail,
I read it as our Curé reads his Missal.
He came this way to warn them : that dead Yankee
Met him just here.

Dieu—if it was another
Then they are ready for us—Bien, je pense,
'Twere best to hasten back and warn the others.
But here they come.

(Enter de Mantet and others, as in Scene 1, de Sorel a prisoner.)

You follow quickly, Messire,
We were about to bring you news.

DE MANT. And we
Have news for you, mon ami ; know you him
Who came among us ?

GIGN. Eagle Hawk ! I thought so !
He hath betrayed us !

LE BER And not he alone.
See you a prisoner in our midst ? *(points to Sorel.)*

We found him
Talking to Eagle Hawk : the Indian vanished,
But left the traitor to his fate.
I said he knew too much of Eagle Hawk
To be entirely honest, and this proves it.

GIGN. *(aside)* Never believe it, Messire ; we have followed
The Indian's trail, right to that hollow yonder
Where now poor Pierre lies dead ; but Eagle Hawk—
His trail was plain as my good gran'mère's beads—
Had no companion. I am sure of it.
But there was one came from Schenectady,
And met him here—stood here, and talked to him,
And then went back : *moe j'en suis certain M'sieur.*
Messire Sorel . . . but here is other business.

Enter CAPT. SYLVANUS DAVIS, with several farmers, and begin shooting; Gignières falls; fight. Capt. Davis captured. Indians rush towards village which, presently, is seen to be in flames. Return with bell, shouting and singing.

DAVIS (to De Mant.)

You have the best of it, good Mister Papist,
Only because your traitor played us false,
And told us there were but a few of you;
Now, God confound him for a Popish liar;
Had it been otherwise . . .

DE MANT. What traitor? This one? (*points to Sorel*).

DAVIS He? Never think it; I set eyes on him
For the first time, right now, as God shall judge me.

DE SOREL You hear his witness: may I speak a word
In self defence?

DE MANT. A hundred, if thou wilt;
But not to me!

DE SOREL To whom then?

DE MANT. To the Count,
His Grace the Governor; thy judge and mine.
(To Davis) You say you never saw this man before?

DAVIS Never, so help me God. It was a Frenchman
That I do know; but not a man like this.
He? Be he Papist and idolater,
Or what he will, he is as innocent
Of treachery as I am.

LE BER The other's name:
Was it some name of Saint?

DAVIS Why, as to that,
Methinks true Saints have naught to do with him;
I cannot answer for your Popish ones,
Who may have fancy for his company,
For lack of better; but his evil face
I hope to see, as high as Haman's was,
Upon a gallows, as its fittest place:
That is an honour I were fain to do him.

LE MOYNE 'Tis like you may, if you can point him out,
Here, or in presence of the Governor.

DAVIS If God so please, I shall ; but, gentlemen,
 —For such ye are, though ye be French and Papists—
 It groweth colder with the growing dawn ;
 I am your prisoner, and there are women
 And children captured ;—pray you, make a start
 Toward the place of our captivity.

DE MANT. Messire, I crave your pardon ; Gentlemen,
 Set out to bring this news to Canada ;
 And, as you go, ring the recovered bell,
 Which, once again, in Caughnawaga Church,
 Shall call the faithful in to Holy Mass.

DAVIS *aside* To Popish mummeries, but . . God's Will be done.

Exeunt : Indians ringing bell, dancing and shouting.

(Curtain.)

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Phips' headquarters, Boston ; Leslie (dress of British Colonel), walking up and down ; sings "*Sir Bertram*."

LESLIE A Popish song, and yet an honest one ;
 So many a man hath gone to his account,
 In those old Border feuds ; and many more
 Shall go that way, ere the account be full.

*(Enter St. Laurent : starts ; makes towards door ;
 Leslie intercepts him.)*

Sc ! Messire St. Laurent, we meet again,
 When least we looked to do so. Seas are wide,
 But not too wide for hatred. You, methinks,
 Thought not to meet me here ; but, when in France,
 Spoke somewhat over-boldly ; you would this,
 That, and the other, like another Hector,
 Or Amcadis of Gaul, when next we met.
 Well—we are met—and—I await your pleasure.
 Pray you, begin to do your will on me ;
 I shall not balk you, rest assured of that.

ST. LAUR. I am a prisoner, Messire, as you know,
 Therefore, methinks, you scarce deal justly by me.
 Were we in France——

LESLIE

Or anywhere but here,
Or anytime but now, you would be bold enough
In words, I doubt not; as to deeds, I know not.
And as to prisoner——

ST. LAUR. You insult me, Messire.

LESLIE You take me rightly, Messire, I intend to;
Prisoner you may be; traitor, as I take it,
Or spy, perhaps; I still—await your pleasure.
(*Strikes him in face with glove.*)

ST. LAUR. *Ventre Saint Gris*, but I will surely kill you
For that last insult! (*Draws.*)

LESLIE (*draws*) I await your pleasure,
And thank you for your gentle courtesy,
That you comply so fully with my humor.
Have at you then!

(*They fight.*)

Enter SIR W. PHIPS, CAPTAIN SHORT, R.N., and JOHN WALLEY,
of Barnstable.

PHIPS What! brawling, even here;
Put down your weapons. (*They separate.*)
Hark ye, Master Scotsman,
Keep you these customs for your native land,
And those who love them—
Monseer St. Laurent.
How came this brawl about?

ST. LAUR. Sir, he insulted me,
Called me a spy, a traitor.

SHORT (*aside to Walley*) Odds my life, I doubt me,
He spoke a bitter truth.

WALLEY Why, verily,
Methinks that thou hast spoken truly,
Though I mislike thy strange and uncouth oaths.

PHIPS (*angrily*) Now, gentlemen, to business: Short and Walley.

SHORT (*drawing himself up*) Captain, so pray you.

PHIPS Short—I said, and say it
As often as I please—

SHORT

And I repeat !
My name and style are rightly—Captain Short,
Of the King's Navy.

PIPS

Be you what you may,
Here you are Short.

SHORT (*turns to go*)

Then here I do not stay
Till you shall learn to treat me as is fit.

PIPS (*in a fury*) You stay not ; said you ?
By the Lord you shall !

(*Strikes at him with his cane—Walley and Leslie
separate them.*)

WALLEY

Good gentlemen, I pray you, gentlemen,
I pray you cease from this unseemly strife,
How shall our foes——

(*Sees St. Laurent smiling*)

Now, God confound that Frenchman !
That he should see us thus ; mine old friend Pips,
My new friend *Captain Short*, shake hands, I pray
And understand each other, as ye should.

SHORT

Sir William, I crave pardon.

PIPS

Captain Short
I crave the like of you—my hand on it,
I meant not to offend you.

SHORT

There is mine
And my good will with it : so now to business.
(*Aside*) What would this Frenchman, traitor, spy, or
prisoner ?

PIPS (*aside*)

He was brought in, by certain savages,
But whether spy or prisoner, I know not.

(*Aloud*)

Good Monseer St. Laurent, I crave your pardon
But I have urgent business of the State
And cannot hear you now—another time.

ST. LAUR.

I am your Honor's most obedient servant.

(*Aside*)

Thick-headed fool, who would not take the chance
I had to offer.

LESLIE (*aside*)

Fool, I think you said ?
That, Messire, you shall answer straight to me

(*Exeunt :*

clash of swords heard outside ; heavy fall.) *Re-enter*

- LESLIE (*log.*) I crave your Honor's pardon, you forbade me
To quarrel in your presence, I have done so
Beyond it, in the passage, to some purpose;
Methinks our *prisoner* requires a surgeon's aid.
- PHIPS Then, by High God! the Count of Frontenac
Shall furnish him with one, or with a dose
Of tempered steel, shall cure him once for all.
- SHORT A hempen collar would become him better;
Trust him to me, and my yard arm shall carry
A fitting ensign, when we take Quebec.
- PHIPS It may not be, but I shall send him back
To take my compliments to Frontenac,
And to announce our coming. Courtesy
Is not a gift of mine, but I can learn,
Old as I am—What say you, Captain Short?
- SHORT Short, an it please you.
- WALLEY " Short and sweet, methinks,
Craving your pardon for an ill-timed jest.
- SHORT No jest, I swear, was ever better timed.
The air is sweeter for that little squall,
And we are sweeter tempered, all of us.
What says your Honor?
- PHIPS Honor—call me Phips,
And we shall travel faster.
- WALLEY So you send him
Back to his master?
- PHIPS Send him to the devil
And he would get there sooner. Let us see—
(*Looks at notes*)
First to Port Royal—after to Quebec—
Was that the plan we came to?
- SHORT Even so,
We sail to-morrow morning, do we not?
- PHIPS Aye, not to let our messenger outstrip us
Too long a space.
Well, gentlemen, I think
That will complete our business. May the Lord
Confound the French, and save our good King
William.

SCENE 2.—Deck of Phips' ship, in river near Quebec; scene passing; chorus of sailors, "Hearts of Oak"; Boatwain's whistle, "All hands let go anchor"; Marine on sentry go; stray shots, &c. On quarter-deck, Phips, Short, Walley and Leslie.

PHIPPS A murrain on these Frenchmen, and their allies,
These devil spawn of Indians.

MALLEY Of a truth, Sir,
They have accorded us a hearty welcome.

PHIPS They have, indeed, a trifle over hearty;
They give us all the river to ourselves,
But not an inch of shore.

SHORT May be, Port Royal
Sticks in their gizzards, it is tougher eating
Than frogs, at all events.

Your messenger,
 Spy, traitor, prisoner, hath he yet arrived
 With your fair greeting to Count Frontenac?

PHIPPS That we shall know anon.

Good Master Scotsman,
I crave your pardon, good Sir Ludovic,
Pray you, prepare yourself to go ashore.

LESLE So please you, I am ready to set out
Upon the very instant ; I but wait
Your Honor's message to the Governor.

PHIPS Say, then: The Governor of Massachusetts,
Commissioned and empowered thereunto
By William, King of Britain, France and Ireland
—Third of the name, whom God protect and save!
(All raise hats)

Demands, in reparation, satisfaction
And full atonement of past injuries,
War, raids, and massacres, assaults of arms
By land or sea, against the Colonies
And subjects of His Gracious Majesty,
The unconditional surrender and release,
Within an hour of noon, of all the forts,
Guns, batteries, and ammunition, stores,
Provisions, and all other things therein contained ;
Inhabitants and soldiers—of, in fact,
The Citadel and City of Quebec.

LESLIE And, if the Governor refuse compliance,
As he is like to do?

PHIPS Then tell him this:
I open fire at once, and that, methinks,
Is short and sweet, as Walley, here would say.

WALLEY Nay, I protest, that jest is out of date;
Besides, I meant it not—it was unseemly
In one of my profession, as an elder
In Barnstable.

SHORT A pillar of the church,
I doubt not, Walley (*aside to Phips*)
Neither short nor sweet,
Judged by his rig, and by his figure-head.
How think you, Phips?

PHIPS Why, very much as you.
Pray you, Sir Ludovic, to get you gone,
And to return as soon as may be.

LESLIE Sir,
I will be back as soon as possible.
(*Boatswain pipes, Leslie climbs over side.*)

PHIPS Think you that Frontenac will yield the city?

SHORT I doubt it much; Port Royal, it is true,
Gave us no serious task—but this Quebec
Is a much harder nut for us to crack;
Besides, we have no force of men or guns—
The King commands;

PHIPS Aye, that is very well
For Kings in England, or for ministers
A thousand leagues away; but we, out here,
Know more of our concerns than they can do.

SHORT (*stiffly*) Methinks your Honor's words do smack of treason.
The mother land is still—the mother land,
And should have sway and rule o'er all her children.

PHIPS The mother land is—not our mother land.

SHORT It was your father's, and their fathers', too.

PHIPS Well, let us say it is our mother land,
What then? The sons and daughters of the house

Grow up and marry ; shall the mother say
Do this or that, as were we little children
Not fit to guide ourselves ? Not so, but we
Yield love and honor if you will—and thanks
For all she is and was—obedience, no !
My married son, I trow, obeys me not
Yet is no less my son, nor loves me less
Because he answers now no more to me,
But to himself and God.

SHORT

Nay, have it so,
It is strange doctrine, but hath show of reason ;
Yet we return to this—the King commands ;

PHIPS

And we obey ; but cannot take Quebec
Or I mistake my old friend Frontenac.
Meantime, what say you to a rousing chorus
To shew these Frenchmen we be Britishers ?

SHORT

That, are we all ;
A chorus it shall be.
Bos'n pipe all hands aft for grog and music.

(Boatswain whistles, men come aft and sing "Bury of Biscay.")

(Curtain.)

SCENE 2.—Frontenac's antechamber. De Mantet, Le Ber, Le Moynes, Sorel, under arrest.

DE MAN.

It grieves me sore to say a word against you,
Yet, what can I ? The charge was duly laid,
And must be tried before the Governor.
Have you no means to prove your innocence ?

SOREL

None that I know of ; Gignières told you true,
I never went towards Schenectady.
He swore to have followed up a single trail
And that a red man's—ye believe him not ;
What more do ye require ?

LE BER

This : how came Eagle Hawk
To speak with you in private ?

DE SOREL

That, I know not ;
But this I know, the savage hates me sorely :
Not without cause ; another hates me worse,
Not without greater reason.

LE MOYNE Who is he ?

DE SOREL One that ye know full well—and here he comes.

(Enter St. Laurent)

Messire, our friends would know what cause you
have
To wish me ill ?

ST. LAUR. What cause ? None, surely, Messire,
The climate, as you know, is not too healthy
For one of your complexion. Hate you ? Nay,
I only wish you safely back in France.

DE SOREL Thou damn'd cur, were but my hands unbound,
Thou shouldst not live to gibe at me again.

ST. LAUR. Gently, good Messire, this Canadian air
Hath, as I feared, proved all too strong for you ;
The milder air of France would suit you better.
(Aside) Or that of Paradise, for aught I care,
Which you are, very like to breathe ere long.

LE MOYNE (aside to Le Ber)

Sorel was right to call him damn'd cur,
I did not think our layman Jesuit
Had such a measure of the devil in him—
Thinkst thou he did betray us ?

LE BER

Nay, not I ;
More like this cur, and that infernal savage,
Who vanished just in time—

But Frontenac
Must settle it himself—But who comes here ?
His Grace the Bishop, to defend his friend.

(Enter LAVAL : they kneel, in turn, to kiss his ring—he puts his
hand on Sorel's shoulder and draws him aside.)

Boy, boy, is this thing true they say of thee ?

SOREL God knows it is not, and your Grace should know
me—

If I may say so—better than to think it.

LAVAL God knows I do ; but for thy witness—
Who are they ? Thou wilt need them everyone,
Against that devil yonder, and the others—

DE SOREL The others! But in answer to your question :
God, our Dear Lady, and mine innocence ;
These are my witnesses, if they avail not
Then am I all undone.

But, for these others
Your Grace has spoken of, I pray you, name them.

LAVAL De Champigny, the Intendant, and de Callières,
De Villeray and Auteuil, who shall swear
That St. Laurent was with them all the time.
How wilt thou answer them ?

DE SOREL In truth, I know not ;
But do commend me to your Grace's prayers
To God, Our Lady, and my patron Saint :
Let it be as He wills, He knoweth best ;
He and His Blessed Mother.

LAVAL God protect thee.
But here they come : nay, never fear to face them,
For, as God lives, they cannot do thee harm.

DE SOREL Fear them ? I fear no face of mortal man,
But only God—and sin.

(They retire up stage.)

Enter DE CHAMPIGNY, and others *(as above)*.

CHAMP. *(bows to Laval, who returns salute stiffly)*
Your Grace's servant,
And yours, Messires. I pray you, comes the Count
To audience shortly ?

DE MANT. We expect him, Messire,
Upon the instant : knows he of your coming ?

CHAMP. He did request my presence : here he comes.
(Enter Frontenac) I greet your Excellence.

FRONT. *(stiffly)* I thank you, heartily,
That you are pleased to yield to my request.
(To Laval, pointing to three chairs at table)

Your Grace's place is here, at my right hand ;
Yours, Sir Intendant, here *(seat themselves)*
Bring out the prisoner.
Messire Sorel, you know the charge against you,
What answer make you ?

SOREL

This, your Excellence,
I never left the camp, nor ever went
Towards Schenectady.

FRONT.

How came the Indian chief
To speak to you in secret ?

SOREL

That I know not,
But that he hates me sorely.

FRONT.

Hates you ; wherefore ?

SOREL

For that I spoiled his traffic, years ago,
Of selling brandy to his countrymen ;
His, and another's—Messire St. Laurent.

FRONT.

So ? You repeat that ancient calumny
Against my friend and servant ? It shall serve you
No single whit, for Messire St. Laurent,
As shall be proved by many witnesses,
Never sold brandy to the savages.

LAVAL

I crave your Excellence to give me leave
To speak a word—that Messire St. Laurent
Trafficked in brandy I have evidence
That cannot be gainsaid ; moreover, you
Sent him to France—on that same evidence.

FRONT.

Sent him to France to do your Grace a pleasure
And to give peace to this distracted country.

(To Sorel)

What more have you against my friend and
servant ?

SOREL

This, that his friend and comrade, Eagle Hawk,
Said he was captured by the Iroquois
Some miles beyond Quebec.

(To Mantet and the others)

Ye heard him, Messires,
Say whether it is so.

DE MANT.

We heard him, sir,
But whether he spoke true or false, we know not.

FRONT.

What sayst thou, St. Laurent ?

ST. LAUR.

'Tis false, your Excellence ;
These gentlemen will swear I never left them,
How, then, could I be captured in the forest ?

AUTEUIL

That will we freely.

FRONT. What say you now, Messire ?

SOREL (*proudly*)

This, that *my* witnesses shall yet appear.

(*Enter ORDERLY*)

(*log.*) Two wait without, your Excellence.

FRONT. Who are they ?

ORDERLY One is an officer who brings a message
Under a flag of truce.

FRONT. Admit him, instantly.
Announce his name and style.
Now, for the other.

ORD. A wounded Indian Chief, one Eagle Hawk,
Found by our men, outside the city walls
Half dead and frozen, scarce an hour ago,
Who claims an audience of your Excellence.
(*Consternation of St. Laurent, &c.*)

FRONT. Admit him, too,
Messire, I pray you tell me (*to Sorel*)
Are these your witnesses ?

SOREL One is, at least.
As for the officer—

(*Re-enter Orderly, with Leslie and Eagle Hawk*)
(*Announces*) Sir Ludovic de Leslie,
Colonel commanding in the British Service,
Sent by Sir William Phips, with messages
Unto your Excellence !

FRONT Speak, Sir, I pray you ;
We wait the message of Sir William Phips.

LESLIE I crave a moment's grace—I see a friend
(*Steps towards Sorel*)
In sore distress—have I your gracious leave
To ask him how this chances ?

FRONT Freely, Messire,
Your friend is charged that, at Schenectady—

(*Enter CAPT. SYLVANUS DAVIS, hurriedly*)
Schenectady ? Who said Schenectady ?
He, there, a traitor !—now, as God shall judge me,
He is as innocent of treachery as I am.

DE MANT. Who, then, betrayed us at Schenectady ?

DAVIS (*looks round, sees St. Laurent*)

Who ? That man there, I know his evil face
Only too well ; nor am not pleased to see it.

ST. LAUR. Nay, Sir, that cannot be ; I know you not

DAVIS Thou son of Ananias ! Know me not ?
Thou Popish liar !

LESLIE

Whether this be so,
I do not know or care—(*to Front.*) but ask him, Sir,
To bare his arm and side—his left, I mean,
And you shall find there *my* sign manual,
Printed at Boston, not a month ago,
And scarcely healed, I fancy : if you doubt
Send for Sir William Phips to bear me out.

FRONT. (*to St. Laur.*) What sayest thou, now ? (*sternly*).

ST. LAUR.

A plot, your Excellence,
Between this traitor and his English friends,
Supported by a savage—Eagle Hawk.

FRONT.

It may be, but—for that sign manual
We shall ask more anon. Now, Eagle Hawk,
What sayest thou to this ?

EA. HAWK (*excitedly*)

Oh, great White Chief,
That mongrel dog tells lies, and Eagle Hawk
Shall slay him yet !

FRONT.

All in good time ; but, now,
Wert thou with these white warriors when they
camped
Upon their march towards Schenectady ?

EA. HAWK

The great White Chief knows all things ; Eagle
Hawk
Was there, as says my father.

FRONT.

Said'st thou, then,
This man was captured by the Iroquois,
Close to the white man's village ?

EA. HAWK

Eagle Hawk
Said as his father says : that mongrel dog
Set out with him to warn the Senecas—

The Iroquois—my father's enemies
Across the border; that my father sought
Vengeance on all of them.

FRONT.

Now, Saint Laurent,
For that sign manual of Sieur Leslie here.

ST. LAUR. What need of lies? The Indian speaks the truth.
'Twas I who warned them at Schenectady,
And De Sorel is wholly innocent.

FRONT. Who set thee on?

ST. LAUR. Nay, that I will not tell;
What I have done, I answer for, nor seek
To throw the blame on others.

FRONT. (to Orderly) Take him forth;
Guard him as you shall answer it.
Send him a Confessor.

ST. LAUR. I thank you, kindly,
For this excessive courtesy—but, as I lived,
So I propose to die.

FRONT. (to Orderly) At sunrise, then,
See that you have him shot.

ST. LAUR. (waving his hand) I take my leave,
Once and for all—until we meet again.

EA. HAWK (springs forward) (Starts towards door)
Wah! spotted mongrel, neither French nor Yankee,
A warrior spits on thee!

ST. LAUR. (stabs him) And thus I answer thee!
(As Eagle falls, he tomahawks St. Laurent; both die at
same moment.)

BISHOP (crossing himself)
Now, God have mercy on their sinful souls.

FRONT. I greatly fear your Grace's prayer is vain,
And, yet, who knows? Methinks the greater villain
Strove, as he died, to cross himself; the other
Died, as he lived, a savage. Yet, their vengeance,
One on the other, if 'twere somewhat ghastly,
Can scarce be called unjust.

Besides, it frees me
 From what had been no slight perplexity
 As to my treatment of that red-skinned traitor ;
 Who might have caused me trouble, had he lived.
 (To Leslie) Messire, I crave your pardon, but we wait
 To hear the message of Sir William Phips.

LESLIE Tis brief, your Excellence : Sir William Phips,
 Commissioned and empowered thereunto,
 By His Most Gracious Majesty, the King,
 Of Britain, France, and Ireland, over-Lord
 Of these plantations in America—
 Demands you yield this town and citadel
 Within an hour of noon : whereof this flag,
 (Unfolds Union Jack)

Hung from the flagstaff on your battlements,
 Shall be the signal. I await your answer.

FRONT. (points out of window)

Say to Sir William Phips : that spotless flag,
 That bears the lilies and the fame of France,
 Shall never yield its place while I do live
 To any other, be it what it may,
 Tell him, moreover, that I answer him,
 Within an hour of noon, as he demands.
 But—

They that speak for me shall be—My cannon !

(Group ; Music ; Curtain.)

FINIS.

